SUPPLEMENT TO THEOSOPHY

Vol. III NOVEMBER 1914 No. 1

SOME THEOSOPHICAL PROPHECIES

FOREWORD

The articles herewith reprinted were published from twenty-eight to thirty-four years ago, and while outside appearances may seem to indicate that they proceeded from different quarters, a wise consideration of all the facts presents evidence that all of them issued from the same source, a source so high in knowledge of humanity past and present, as to place within its scope a clear view of the future.

The spirit of prophecy is not very highly regarded in this age, and properly so because of the extremely uncertain evidence upon which most of the recorded prophecies have been based; but if it is recognized that under the universal law of evolution the beings above mankind have passed through a stage of development similar to ours and have reached a full knowledge of the laws that govern the progress of beings, it can readily be conceded that prophecies given to the world of men by Them would not be based upon anything else but an accurate balancing of cause and effect.

A study of Theosophy pure and simple, will convince any intelligent mind that such Beings do exist and that They take a lively and enduring interest in the welfare of mankind. By Theosophy is meant the writings of H. P. Blavatsky and Wm. Q. Judge, colleagues and co-workers in the delivery of the message of Theosophy to the Western world—not the many publications since written by students and followers.

Attention is called to the correctness of these prophecies written so many years ago as shown by the history of events between that time and now. It will be noticed that while some portion of the forecasts has been fulfilled, there is much more to come, and that

while we may be regarding with some degree of complacency the readjustment in Europe, we may not hope to escape a similar one unless we change our ways of selfishness and individualism to those of Altruism and Brotherhood, a better understanding of which is to be had only when we make Karma—the doctrine of Responsibility, and Reincarnation—the doctrine of Hope, the bases of our actions.

**Karma is an undeviating and unerring tendency in the Universe to restore equilibrium, and it operates incessantly.*

**There is no Karma unless there is a being to make it or feel its effects.*

**The Karma of this earth is the combination of the acts and thoughts of all beings of every grade which were concerned in the preceding Manvantara or evolutionary stream from which ours flows.*

**And as those beings include Lords of Power and Holy Men, as well as weak and wicked ones, the period of the earth's duration is greater than that of any entity or race upon it.*

Ocean p101

†Each race has its karma as a whole. If it be good that race goes forward. If bad it goes out—annihilated as a race—though the souls concerned take up their karma in other races and bodies. Nations cannot escape their karma, and any nation that has acted in a wicked manner must suffer some day, be it soon or late. The karma of the nineteenth century in the West is the karma of Israel, for even the merest tyro can see that the Mosaic influence is the strongest in the European and American nations. The old Aztec and other ancient American peoples died out because their own karma—the result of their own life as nations in the far past—fell upon and destroyed them. With nations this heavy operation of Karma is always through famine, war, convulsion of nature, and the sterility of the women of the nation. The latter cause comes near the end and sweeps the whole remnant away. And the individual in race or nation is warned by this great doctrine that if he falls into indifference of thought and act, thus moulding himself into the general average karma of his race or nation, that national and race karma will at last carry him off in the general destiny. This is why teachers of old cried, "Come ye out and be ye separate."

With reincarnation the doctrine of karma explains the misery and suffering of the world, and no room is left to accuse Nature of injustice.

---

*Aphorisms on Karma, first printed by Wm. Q. Judge in *The Path* for March, 1893.
†All that follows is from "The Ocean of Theosophy," by Wm. Q. Judge.

The misery of any nation or race is the direct result of the thoughts and acts of the Egos who make up the race or nation. In the dim past they did wickedly and now suffer. They violated the laws of harmony. The immutable rule is that harmony must be restored if violated. So these Egos suffer in making compensation and establishing the equilibrium of the occult cosmos. The whole mass of Egos must go on incarnating and reincarnating in the nation or race until they have all worked out to the end the causes set up. Though the nation may disappear for a time as physical thing, the Egos that made it do not leave the world, but come out as the makers of some new nation in which they must go on with the task and take either punishment or reward as accords with their karma. Of this law the old Egyptians are an illustration. They certainly rose to a high point of development, and as certainly they were extinguished as a nation. But the souls—the old Egos—live on and are now fulfilling their self-made destiny as some other nation now in our period. They may be the new American nation, or the Jews fated to wander up and down in the world and suffer much at the hands of others. This process is perfectly just. Take, for instance, the United States and the Red Indians. The latter have been most shamefully treated by the nation. The Indian Egos will be reborn in the new and conquering people, and as members of that great family will be the means themselves of bringing on the due results for such acts as were done against them when they had red bodies. Thus it has happened before, and so it will come about again.

Individual unhappiness in any life is thus explained:

(*a*) It is punishment for evil done in past lives; or (*b*) it is discipline taken up by the Ego for the purpose of eliminating defects or acquiring fortitude and sympathy. When defects are eliminated it is like removing the obstruction in an irrigating canal which then lets the water flow on. Happiness is explained in the same way; the result of prior lives of goodness.

The scientific and self-compelling basis for right ethics is found in these and in no other doctrines. For if right ethics are to be practised merely for themselves, men will not see why, and have never been able to see why, for that reason they should do right. If ethics are to be followed from fear, man is degraded and will surely evade; if the favor of the Almighty, not based on law or justice, be the reason, then we will have just what prevails today—a code given by Jesus to the West professed by nations and not practised save by the few who would in any case be virtuous.

On this subject the Adepts have written the following to be found in the *Secret Doctrine:*

Nor would the ways of karma be inscrutable were men to work in union and harmony instead of disunion and strife. For our ignorance of those ways —which one portion of mankind calls the ways of Providence dark and intricate, while another sees in them the action of blind fatalism, and a third simple chance with neither gods nor devils to guide them—would surely disappear if we would but attribute all these to their correct cause. With right knowledge, or at any rate with a confident conviction that our neighbors will no more work harm to us than we would think of harming them, two-thirds of the world's evil would vanish into thin air. Were no man to hurt his brother, Karma-Nemesis would have neither cause to work for nor weapons to act through. . . . We cut these numerous windings in our destinies daily with our own hands, while we imagine that we are pursuing a track on the royal high road of respectability and duty, and then complain of those ways being so intricate and so dark. We stand bewildered before the mystery of our own making and the riddles of life that *we will not* solve, and then accuse the great Sphinx of devouring us. But verily there is not an accident in our lives, not a misshapen day or a misfortune, that could not be traced back to our own doings in this or another life. . . . Knowledge of karma gives the conviction that if—

'virtue in distress and vice in triumph
Make atheists of Mankind,'

it is only because that mankind has ever shut its eyes to the great truth that man is himself his own saviour as his own destroyer; that he need not accuse heaven and the gods, fates and providence, of the apparent injustice that reigns in the midst of humanity. But let him rather remember and repeat this bit of Grecian wisdom which warns man to forbear accusing *That* which

'Just though mysterious, leads us on unerring
Through ways unmarked from guilt to punishment'

—which are now the ways and the high road on which move onward the great European nations. The western Aryans had every nation and tribe like their eastern brethren of the fifth race, their Golden and their Iron ages, their period of comparative irresponsibility, or the Satya age of purity, while now several of them have reached their Iron age, the *Kali Yuga*, an age *black with horrors*. This state will last . . . until we begin acting from within instead of ever following impulses from without. . . . Until then the only palliative is union and harmony—a Brotherhood in *actu* and *altruism* not simply in name.

A TURKISH EFFENDI ON CHRISTENDOM AND ISLAM*

IN the suburb of one of the most romantically situated towns in Asia Minor there lives the most remarkable oriental whom it has ever been my fortune to meet. Travelling through that interesting country a few months ago, with the view of assisting the British Government to introduce some much-needed reforms, I arrived at ———. I purposely abstain from mentioning the name of the place, as my Eastern friend, to whom I am indebted for the following paper, desires his *incognito* to be observed, for reasons which the reader will easily understand on its perusal. I remained there some weeks examining the state of the surrounding country, at that time a good deal disturbed, and giving the local authorities the benefit of a little wholesome counsel and advice, which, I need scarcely say, they wholly disregarded. My officious interference in their affairs not unnaturally procured me some notoriety; and I received, in consequence, numerous visits from members of all classes of the community detailing their grievances, and anxious to know what chance there might be of a forcible intervention on the part of England by which these should be redressed. In my intercourse with them, I was struck by their constant allusion to an apparently mysterious individual, who evidently enjoyed a reputation for an almost supernatural sagacity, and whose name they never mentioned except in terms of the greatest reverence, and indeed, I might almost say, of awe. My curiosity at last became excited, and I made special inquiries in regard to this unknown sage. I found that he lived about a mile and a half out of the town, on a farm which he had purchased about five years ago; that no one knew from whence he had come; that he spoke both Turkish and Arabic as his native tongues; but that some supposed him to be a Frank, owing to his entire neglect of all the ceremonial observances of a good Moslem, and to a certain foreign mode of thought; while others maintained that no man who had not been born an oriental could adapt himself so naturally to the domestic life of the East, and acquire its social habits with such ease and perfection. His erudition was said to be extraordinary, and his life seemed passed in studying the literature of many languages—his agent, for the purchase and forwarding of such books and papers as he needed, being a foreign merchant at the nearest sea-port. He seemed possessed of considerable wealth, but his mode of life was simple in the extreme; and he employed large sums in relieving the distress by which he was surrounded, and in protecting by the necessary bribes those who were unable to protect themselves from oppression. The result was, that he was adored by the country people for miles round, while he was

*This article was first printed by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Theosophist* for March, 1880.

rather respected and feared than disliked by the Turkish officials—for he was extremely tolerant of their financial necessities, and quite understood that they were compelled to squeeze money out of the peasantry, because, as they received no pay, they would starve themselves unless they did.

To this gentleman I sent my card, with a note in French, stating that I was a travelling Englishman, with a seat in the House of Commons in immediate prospect at the coming election, consumed with a desire to reform Asia Minor, or, at all events, to enlighten my countrymen as to how it should be done. Perhaps I am wrong in saying that I actually put all this in my note, but it was couched in the usual tone of members of Parliament, who are cramming political questions abroad which are likely to come up next session. I know the style, because I have been in the House myself. The note I received in reply was in English, and ran as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—If you are not otherwise engaged, it will give me great pleasure if you will do me the honour of dining with me tomorrow evening at seven. I trust you will excuse the preliminary formality of a visit, but I have an appointment at some distance in the country, which will detain me until too late an hour to call.—Believe me, yours very truly, ——— EFFENDI.

"*P. S.*—As you may have some difficulty in finding your way, my servant will be with you at half-past six to serve as a guide."

"Dear me," I thought, as I read this civilised epistle with amazement, "I wonder whether he expects me to dress;" for I need scarcely say I had come utterly unprovided for any such contingency, my wearing apparel, out of regard for my baggage-mule, having been limited to the smallest allowance consistent with cleanliness. Punctually at the hour named, my dragoman informed me that ——— Effendi's servant was in attendance; and, arrayed in the shooting-coat, knee-breeches, and riding-boots, which formed my only costume, I followed him on foot through the narrow winding streets of the town, until we emerged into its gardens, and following a charming path between orchards of fruit-trees, gradually reached its extreme outskirts, when it turned into a narrow glen, down which foamed a brawling torrent. A steep ascent for about ten minutes brought us to a large gate in a wall. This was immediately opened by a porter who lived in a lodge outside, and I found myself in grounds that were half park, half flower-garden, in the centre of which, on a terrace commanding a magnificent view, stood the house of my host—a Turkish mansion with projecting latticed windows, and a courtyard with a colonnade round it and a fountain in the middle. A broad flight of steps led to the principal entrance, and at the top of it stood a tall figure in the flowing Turkish costume of fifty years ago, now, alas! becoming very rare among the upper classes. I wondered whether this could be the writer of the invitation to dinner; but my doubts were speedily solved by the *empressement* with which this turbaned individual, who seemed a man of about

fifty years of age, descended the steps, and with the most consummate ease and grace of manner, advanced to shake hands and give me a welcome of unaffected cordiality. He spoke English with the greatest fluency, though with a slight accent, and in appearance was of the fair type not uncommonly seen in Turkey; the eyes dark-blue, mild in repose, but, when animated, expanding and flashing with the brilliancy of the intelligence which lay behind them. The beard was silky and slightly auburn. The whole expression of the face was inexpressibly winning and attractive, and I instinctively felt that if it only depended upon me, we should soon become fast friends. Such in fact proved to be the case. We had a perfect little dinner, cooked in Turkish style, but served in European fashion; and afterwards talked so far into the night, that my host would not hear of my returning, and put me into a bedroom as nicely furnished as if it had been in a country-house in England. Next morning I found that my dragoman and baggage had all been transferred from the house of the family with whom I had been lodging in town, and I was politely given to understand that I was forcibly taken possession of during the remainder of my stay at ———. At the expiration of a week I was so much struck by the entirely novel view, as it seemed to me, which my host took of the conflict between Christendom and Islam, and by the philosophic aspect under which he presented the Eastern Question generally, that I asked him whether he would object to putting his ideas in writing, and allowing me to publish them—prefacing his remarks by any explanation in regard to his own personality, which he might feel disposed to give. He was extremely reluctant to comply with this request, his native modesty and shrinking from notoriety of any sort presenting an almost insurmountable obstacle to his rushing into print, even in the strictest *incognito*. However, by dint of persistent importunity, I at last succeeded in breaking through his reserve, and he consented to throw into the form of a personal communication addressed to me whatever he had to say, and to allow me to make any use of it I liked.

I confess that when I came to read his letter, I was somewhat taken aback by the uncompromising manner in which the Effendi had stated his case; and I should have asked him to modify the language in which he had couched his views, but I felt convinced that, had I done so, he would have withdrawn it altogether. I was, moreover, ashamed to admit that I doubted whether I should find a magazine in England with sufficient courage to publish it. I need not say that I differ from it entirely, and, in our numerous conversations, gave my reasons for doing so. But I have thought it well that it should, if possible, be made public in England, for many reasons. In the first place, the question of reform, especially in Asiatic Turkey, occupies a dominant position in English politics; and it is of great importance that we should know, not only that many intelligent Turks consider a reform of the Government hopeless, but to what causes they attribute the present decrepit and corrupt condition of the empire. We can gather from the views here expressed, though

stated in a most uncomplimentary manner, why many of the most enlightened Moslems, while lamenting the vices which have brought their country to ruin, refuse to co-operate in an attempt, on the part of the Western Powers, which, in their opinion, would only be going from bad to worse. However much we may differ from those whom we wish to benefit, it would be folly to shut our ears to their opinions in regard to ourselves or our religion, simply because they are distasteful to us. We can best achieve our end by candidly listening to what they may have to say. And this must be my apology, as well as that of the magazine in which it appears, for the publication of a letter so hostile in tone to our cherished convictions and beliefs. At the same time, I cannot disguise from myself that, while many of its statements are prejudiced and highly coloured, others are not altogether devoid of some foundation in truth: it never can do us any harm to see ourselves sometimes as others see us. The tendency of mankind, and perhaps especially of Englishmen, is so very much that of the ostrich, which is satisfied to keep its head in the sand and see nothing that is disturbing to its self-complacency, that a little rough handling occasionally does no harm.

These considerations have induced me to do my best to make "the bark of the distant Effendi" be heard, to use the fine imagery of Bon Gaultier;* and with these few words of introduction, I will leave him to tell his own tale, and state his opinions on the burning questions of the day.

[The following letter, together with what precedes, was originally published in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* for January.—Ed. Theos.]

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—

"I proceed, in compliance with your request, to put in writing a *résumé* in a condensed form of the views which I have expressed in our various conversations together on the Eastern Question, premising only that I have yielded to it under strong pressure, because I fear they may wound the sensibilities or shock the prejudices of your countrymen. As, however, you assure me that they are sufficiently tolerant to have the question, in which they are so much interested, presented to them from an Oriental point of view, I shall write with perfect frankness, and in the conviction that opinions, however unpalatable they may be, which are only offered to the public in the earnest desire to advance the cause of truth, will meet with some response in the breasts of those who are animated with an equally earnest desire to find it. In order to explain how I have come to form these opinions, I must, at the cost of seeming egoistic, make a few prefatory remarks about myself. My father was an official of high rank and old Turkish family, resident for some time in Constantinople, and afterwards in an important seaport in the

*"Say, is it the glance of the haughty vizier,
Or the bark of the distant Effendi, you fear?"
—"Eastern Serenade;" Bon Gaultier's 'Book of Ballads.'

Levant. An unusually enlightened and well-educated man, he associated much with Europeans; and from early life I have been familiar with the Greek, French, and Italian languages. He died when I was about twenty years of age; and I determined to make use of the affluence to which I fell heir by travelling in foreign countries. I had already read largely the literature of both France and Italy, and had to a certain extent become emancipated from the modes of thought, and I may even say from the religious ideas, prevalent among my countrymen. I went in the first instance to Rome, and, after a year's sojourn there, proceeded to England, where I assumed an Italian name, and devoted myself to the study of the language, institutions, literature, and religion of the country. I was at all times extremely fond of philosophical speculation, and this led me to a study of German. My pursuits were so engrossing that I saw little of society, and the few friends I made were among a comparatively humble class. I remained in England ten years, travelling occasionally on the Continent, and visiting Turkey twice during that time. I then proceeded to America, where I passed a year, and thence went to India by way of Japan and China. In India I remained two years, resuming during this period an Oriental garb, and living principally among my co-religionists. I was chiefly occupied, however, in studying the religious movement among the Hindoos, known as the Brahmo Samáj. From India I went to Ceylon, where I lived in great retirement, and became deeply immersed in the more occult knowledge of Buddhism. Indeed, these mystical studies so intensely interested me, that it was with difficulty, after a stay of three years, that I succeeded in tearing myself away from them. I then passed, by way of the Persian Gulf, into Persia, remained a year in Teheran, whence I went to Damascus, where I lived for five years, during which time I performed the Hadj, more out of curiosity than as an act of devotion. Five years ago I arrived here on my way to Constantinople, and was so attracted by the beauty of the spot and the repose which it seemed to offer me, that I determined to pitch my tent here for the remainder of my days, and to spend them in doing what I could do to improve the lot of those amidst whom Providence had thrown me.

"I am aware that this record of my travels will be received with considerable surprise by those acquainted with the habits of life of Turks generally. I have given it, however, to account for the train of thought into which I have been led, and the conclusions at which I have arrived, and to explain the exceptional and isolated position in which I find myself among my own countrymen, who, as a rule, have no sympathy with the motives which have actuated me through life, or with their results. I have hitherto observed, therefore, a complete reticence in regard to both. Should, however, these pages fall under the eye of any member of the Theosophical Society, either in America, Europe, or Asia, they will at once recognise the writer as one of their number, and will, I feel sure, respect that reserve as to my personality which I wish to maintain.

"I have already said that in early life I became thoroughly dissatisfied with the religion in which I was born and brought up; and, determined to discard all early prejudices, I resolved to travel over the world, visiting the various centers of religious thought, with the view of making a comparative study of the value of its religions, and of arriving at some conclusion as to the one I ought myself to adopt. As, however, they each claimed to be derived from an inspired source, I very soon became overwhelmed with the presumption of the task which I had undertaken; for I was not conscious of the possession of any verifying faculty which would warrant my deciding between the claims of different revelations, or of judging of the merits of rival forms of inspiration. Nor did it seem possible to me that any evidence in favour of a revelation, which was in all instances offered by human beings like myself, could be of such a nature that another human being should dare to assert that it could have none other than a divine origin; the more especially as the author of it was in all instances in external appearance also a human being. At the same time, I am far from being so daring as to maintain that no divine revelation, claiming to be such, is not pervaded with a divine afflatus. On the contrary, it would seem that to a greater or less extent they must all be so. Their relative values must depend, so far as our own earth is concerned, upon the amount of moral truth of a curative kind, in regard to this world's moral disease, which they contain, and upon their practical influence upon the lives and conduct of men. I was therefore led to institute a comparison between the objects which were proposed by various religions; and I found that just in the degree in which they had been diverted from their original design of world-regeneration, were the results unsatisfactory, so far as human righteousness was concerned; and that the concentration of the mind of the devotee upon a future state of life, and the salvation of his soul after he left this world, tended to produce an enlightened selfishness in his daily life, which has culminated in its extreme form under the influence of one religion, and finally resulted in what is commonly known as Western Civilization. For it is only logical, if a man be taught to consider his highest religious duty to be the salvation of his own soul, while the salvation of his neighbour's occupies a secondary place, that he should instinctively feel his highest earthly duty is the welfare of his own human personality and those belonging to it in this world. It matters not whether this future salvation is to be attained by an act of faith, or by merit through good works—the effort is none the less a selfish one. The religion to which I am now referring will be at once recognised as the popular form of Christianity. After a careful study of the teaching of the founder of this religion, I am amazed at the distorted character it has assumed under the influence of the three great sects into which it has become divided—to wit, the Greek, Catholic, and Protestant Christians. There is no teaching so thoroughly altruistic in its character, and which, if it could be literally applied, would, I believe, exercise so direct and beneficial

an influence on the human race, as the teaching of Christ; but there is none, it seems to me as an impartial student, the spirit of whose revelation has been more perverted and degraded by His followers of all denominations. The Buddhist, the Hindoo, and the Mohammedan, though they have all more or less lost the influence of the afflatus which pervades their sacred writings, have not actually constructed a theology based upon the inversion of the original principles of their religion. Their light has died away till but a faint flicker remains; but Christians have developed their social and political morality out of the very blackness of the shadow thrown by 'The light of the World.' Hence it is that wherever modern Christendom—which I will, for the sake of distinguishing it from the Christendom proposed by Christ, style Anti-Christendom*—comes into contact with the races who live under the dim religious light of their respective revelations, the feeble rays of the latter become extinguished by the gross darkness of this Anti-Christendom, and they lie crushed and mangled under the iron heel of its organised and sanctified selfishness. The real God of Anti-Christendom, is Mammon; in Catholic Anti-Christendom, tempered by a lust of spiritual and temporal power; in Greek Anti-Christendom, tempered by a lust of race aggrandisement; but in Protestant Anti-Christendom, reigning supreme. The cultivation of the selfish instinct has unnaturally developed the purely intellectual faculties at the expense of the moral; has stimulated competition; and has produced a combination of mechanical inventions, political institutions, and an individual force of character, against which so-called 'heathen' nations, whose cupidities and covetous propensities lie comparatively dormant, are utterly unable to prevail.

"This overpowering love of 'the root of all evil,'—with the mechanical inventions in the shape of railroads, telegraphs, ironclads, and other appliances which it has discovered for the accumulation of wealth and the destruction of those who impede its accumulation,—constitutes what is called 'Western Civilization.'

"Countries in which there are no gigantic swindling corporations, no financial crises by which millions are ruined, or Gatling guns by which they may be slain, are said to be in a state of barbarism. When the civilization of Anti-Christendom comes into contact with barbarism of this sort, instead of lifting it out of its moral error, which would be the case if it were true Christendom, it almost invariably shivers it to pieces. The consequence of the arrival of the so-called Christian in a heathen country is, not to bring immortal life, but physical and moral death. Either the native races die out

*I here remarked to the Effendi that there was something very offensive to Christians in the term *Anti*-Christendom, as it possessed a peculiar signification in their religious belief; and I requested him to substitute for it some other word. This he declined to do most positively; and he pointed to passages in the Koran, in which Mahomet prophesies the coming of Antichrist. As he said it was an article of his faith that the Antichrist alluded to by the Prophet was the culmination of the inverted Christianity professed in these latter days, he could not so far compromise with his conscience as to change the term, and rather than do so he would withdraw the letter. I have therefore been constrained to let it remain.

before him—as in the case of the Red Indian of America and the Australian and New Zealander—or they save themselves from physical decay by worshipping, with all the ardour of perverts to a new religion, at the shrine of Mammon—as in the case of Japan—and fortify themselves against dissolution by such a rapid development of the mental faculties and the avaricious instincts, as may enable them to cope successfully with the formidable invading influence of Anti-Christendom. The disastrous moral tendencies and disintegrating effects of inverted Christianity upon a race professing a religion which was far inferior in its origin and conception, but which has been practised by its professors with more fidelity and devotion, has been strikingly illustrated in the history of my own country. One of the most corrupt forms, which Christianity has ever assumed, was to be found organised in the Byzantine empire at the time of its conquest by the Turks. Had the so-called Christian races, which fell under their sway in Europe during their victorious progress westward, been compelled, without exception, to adopt the faith of Islam, it is certain, to my mind, that their moral condition would have been immensely improved. Indeed, you who have travelled among the Moslem Slavs of Bosnia and Herzegovina, who are the descendants of converts to Islam at that epoch, will bear testimony to the fact that they contrast most favourably in true Christian virtues with the descendants of their countrymen who remained Christians; and I fearlessly appeal to the Austrian authorities now governing those provinces, to bear me out in this assertion. Unfortunately, a sufficiently large nominally Christian population was allowed by the Turks to remain in their newly-acquired possessions, to taint the conquering race itself. The vices of Byzantinism speedily made themselves felt in the body politic of Turkey. The subservient races—intensely superstitious in the form of their religious belief, which had been degraded into a passport system, by which the believer in the efficacy of certain dogmas and ceremonials might attain heaven, irrespective of his moral character on earth—were unrestrained by religious principles from giving free rein to their natural propensities, which were dishonest and covetous in the extreme. They thus revenged themselves on their conquerors, by undermining them financially, politically, and morally; they insidiously plundered those who were too indifferent to wealth to learn how to preserve it, and infected others with the contagion of their own cupidity, until these became as vicious and corrupt in their means of acquiring riches as they were themselves. This process has been going on for the last five hundred years, until the very fanaticism of the race, which was its best protection against inverted Christianity, has begun to die out, and the governing class of Turks has with rare exceptions become as dishonest and degraded as the Ghiaours they despise. Still they would have been able, for many years yet to come, to hold their own in Europe, but for the enormously increased facilities for the accumulation of wealth, and therefore for the gratification of covetous propensities, created within the

last half-century by the discoveries of steam and electricity. Not only was Turkey protected formerly from the sordid and contaminating influence of Anti-Christendom by the difficulties of communication, but the mania of developing the resources of foreign countries, for the purpose of appropriating the wealth which they might contain, became proportionately augmented with increased facilities of transport—so that now the very habits of thought in regard to countries styled barbarous have become changed. As an example of this, I would again refer to my own country. I can remember the day when British tourists visited it with a view to the gratification of their aesthetic tastes. They delighted to contrast what they were then pleased to term 'oriental civilization' with their own. Our very backwardness in the mechanical arts was an attraction to them. They went home delighted with the picturesqueness and the indolence of the East. Its bazaars, its costumes, its primitive old-world *cachet,* invested it in their eyes with an indescribable charm; and books were written which fascinated the Western reader with pictures of our manners and customs, because they were so different from those with which he was familiar. Now all this is changed; the modern traveller is in nine cases out of ten a railroad speculator, or a mining engineer, or a financial promoter, or a concession hunter, or perchance a would-be member of Parliament like yourself, coming to see how pecuniary or political capital can be made out of us, and how he can best *exploiter* the resources of the country to his own profit. This he calls 'reforming' it. His idea is, not how to make the people morally better, but how best to develop their predatory instincts, and teach them to prey upon each other's pockets. For he knows that by encouraging a rivalry in the pursuits of wealth amongst a people comparatively unskilled in the art of money-grubbing, his superior talent and experience in that occupation will enable him to turn their efforts to his own advantage. He disguises from himself the immorality of the proceeding by the reflection that the introduction of foreign capital will add to the wealth of the country, and increase the material well-being and happiness of the people. But apart from the fallacy that wealth and happiness are synonymous terms, reform of this kind rests on the assumption that natural temperament and religious tendencies of the race will lend themselves to a keen commercial rivalry of this description; and if it does not, they, like the Australian and the Red Indian, must disappear before it. Already the process has begun in Europe. The Moslem is rapidly being reformed out of existence altogether. Between the upper and the nether millstone of Russian greed for territory and of British greed for money, and behind the mask of a prostituted Christianity, the Moslem in Europe has been ground to powder: hundreds of thousands of innocent men, women, and children have either perished by violence or starvation, or, driven from their homes, are now struggling to keep body and soul together as best they can in misery and desolation, crushed beneath the wheels of the Juggernauth of 'Progress,'—their only

crime, like that of the poor crossing-sweeper, I think, in one of your own novels, that they did not 'move on.' This is called in modern parlance 'the civilizing influence of Christianity.' At this moment the Russians are pushing roads through their newly-acquired territory towards Kars. I am informed by an intelligent Moslem gentleman, who has just arrived from that district, that the effect of their 'civilizing' influence upon the inhabitants of the villages, through which these roads pass, is to convert the women into prostitutes and the men into drunkards. No wonder the Mohammedan population is flocking in thousands across the frontier into Turkish territory, abandoning their homes and landed possessions in order to escape the contamination of Anti-Christendom.

"In these days of steam and electricity, not only has the traveller no eye for the moral virtues of a people, but his aesthetic faculties have become blunted; he regards them only as money-making machines, and he esteems them just in the degree in which they excel in the art of wealth-accumulation. Blinded by a selfish utilitarianism, he can now see only barbarism in a country where the landscape is not obscured by the black smoke of factory-chimneys, and the ear deafened by the scream of the locomotive. For him a people who cling to the manners and customs of a by-gone epoch, with which their own most glorious traditions are associated, have no charm. He sees in a race, which still endeavours to follow the faith of their forefathers with simplicity and devotion, nothing but ignorant fanaticism, for he has long since substituted hypocrisy for sincerity in his own belief. He despises a peasantry whose instincts of submission and obedience induce them to suffer rather than rise in revolt against a Government which oppresses them, because the head of it is invested in their eyes with a sacred character. He can no longer find anything to admire or to interest in the contrast between the East and West, but everything to condemn; and his only sympathy is with that section of the population in Turkey, who, called Christians like himself, like him, devote themselves to the study of how much can be made, by fair means or foul, out of their Moslem neighbours.

"While I observe that this change has come over the Western traveller of late years—a change which I attribute to the mechanical appliances of the age—a corresponding effect, owing to the same cause, has, I regret to say, been produced upon my own countrymen. A gradual assimilation has been for some time in progress in the East with the habits and customs of the rest of Europe. We are abandoning our distinctive costume, and adapting ourselves to a Western mode of life in many ways. We are becoming lax in the observances of our religion; and it is now the fashion for our women to get their high-heeled boots and bonnets from Paris, and for our youths of good family to go to that city of pleasure, or to one of the large capitals of Europe, for their education. Here they adopt all the vices of Anti-Christendom, for the attractions

of a civilization based upon enlightened selfishness are overpoweringly seductive; and they return without religion of any sort—shallow, sceptical, egoistical and thoroughly demoralised. It is next to impossible for a Moslem youth, as I myself experienced, to come out of that fire uncontaminated. His religion fits him to live with simple and primitive races, and even to acquire a moral control over them; but he is fascinated and overpowered by the mighty influence of the glamour of the West. He returns to Turkey with his principles thoroughly undermined, and, if he has sufficient ability, adds one to the number of those who misgovern it.

"The two dominant vices, which characterise Anti-Christendom, are cupidity and hypocrisy. That which chiefly revolts the Turk in this disguised attack upon the morals of his people, no less than upon the very existence of his empire, is, that it should be made under the pretext of morality, and behind the flimsy veil of humanitarianism. It is in the nature of the religious idea that just in proportion as it was originally penetrated with a divine truth, which has become perverted, does it engender hypocrisy. This was so true of Judaism, that when the founder of Christianity came, though himself a Jew, he scorchingly denounced the class which most loudly professed the religion which they profaned. But the Phariseeism which has made war upon Turkey is far more intense in degree than that which he attacked, for the religion which it profanes contains the most divine truth which the world ever received. Mahomet divided the nether world into seven hells, and in the lowest he placed the hypocrites of all religions. I have now carefully examined into many religions, but as none of them demanded so high a standard from its followers as Christianity, there has not been any development of hypocrisy out of them at all corresponding to that which is peculiar to Anti-Christianity. For that reason I am constrained to think that its contributions to the region assigned to hypocrites by the prophet will be out of all proportion to the hypocrites of other religions.

"In illustration of this, see how the principles of morality and justice are at this moment being hypocritically outraged in Albania, where, on the moral ground that a nationality has an inherent right to the property of its neighbour, if it can make a claim of similarity of race, a southern district of the country is to be forcibly given to Greece; while, in violation of the same moral principle, a northern district is to be taken from the Albanion nationality, to which by right of race it belongs, and violently and against the will of the people, who are in no way consulted as to their fate, is to be handed over for annexation to the Montenegrians—a race whom the population to be annexed traditionally hate and detest.

"When Anti-Christian nations, sitting in solemn congress, can be guilty of such a prostitution of the most sacred principles in the name of morality, and construct an international code of ethics to be applicable to Turkey alone, and which they would one and all

refuse to admit or be controlled by, themselves,—when we know that the internal corruption, the administrative abuses, and the oppressive misgovernment of the Power which has just made war against us in the name of humanity, have driven the population to despair, and the authorities to the most cruel excesses in order to repress them,—and when, in the face of all this most transparent humbug, these Anti-Christian nations arrogate to themselves, on the ground of their superior civilization and morality, the right to impose reform upon Turkey,—we neither admit their pretensions, covet their civilization, believe in their good faith, nor respect their morality.

"Thus it is that, from first to last, the woes of Turkey have been due to its contact with Anti-Christendom. The race is now paying the penalty for that lust of dominion and power, which tempted them in the first instance to cross the Bosphorus. From the day on which the tree of empire was planted in Europe, the canker, in the shape of the opposing religion, began to gnaw at its roots. When the Christians within had thoroughly eaten out its vitals, they called on the Christians without for assistance; and it is morally impossible that the decayed trunk can much longer withstand their combined efforts. But as I commenced by saying, had the invading Moslems in the first instance converted the entire population to their creed, Turkey might have even now withstood the assaults of 'progress.' Nay, more, it is not impossible that her victorious armies might have overrun Europe, and that the faith of Islam might have extended over the whole of what is now termed the civilized world. I have often thought how much happier it would have been for Europe, and unquestionably for the rest of the world, had such been the case. That wars and national antagonisms would have continued, is doubtless true; but we should have been saved the violent political and social changes which have resulted from steam and electricity, and have continued to live the simple and primitive life which satisfied the aspirations of our ancestors, and in which they found contentment and happiness, while millions of barbarians would to this day have remained in ignorance of the gigantic vices peculiar to Anti-Christian civilization. The West would then have been spared the terrible consequences, which are even now impending, as the inevitable result of an intellectual progress to which there has been no corresponding moral advance. The persistent violation for eighteen centuries of the great altruistic law, propounded and enjoined by the great founder of the Christian religion, must inevitably produce a corresponding catastrophe; and the day is not far distant when modern civilization will find that in its great scientific discoveries and inventions, devised for the purpose of ministering to its own extravagant necessities, it has forged the weapons by which it will itself be destroyed. No better evidence of the truth of this can be found than in the fact that Anti-Christendom alone is menaced with the danger of a great class revolution: already in every so-called Christian country we hear the mutterings of the coming storm when labour and capital will find themselves

arrayed against each other,—when rich and poor will meet in deadly antagonism, and the spoilers and the spoiled solve, by means of the most recently invented artillery, the economic problems of modern 'progress.' It is surely a remarkable fact, that this struggle between rich and poor is specially reserved for those whose religion inculcates upon them, as the highest law—the love of their neighbour—and most strongly denounces the love of money. No country, which does not bear the name of Christian, is thus threatened. Even in Turkey, in spite of its bad government and the many Christians who live in it, socialism, communism, nihilism, internationalism, and all kindred forms of class revolution, are unknown, for the simple reason that Turkey has so far, at least, successfully resisted the influence of 'Anti-Christian civilization.'

"In the degree in which the State depends for its political, commercial, and social well-being and prosperity, not upon a moral but a mechanical basis, is its foundation perilous. When the life-blood of a nation is its wealth, and the existence of that wealth depends upon the regularity with which railroads and telegraphs perform their functions, it is in the power of a few skilled artisans, by means of a combined operation, to strangle it. Only the other day the engineers and firemen of a few railroads in the United States struck for a week; nearly a thousand men were killed and wounded before the trains could be set running again; millions of dollars worth of property was destroyed. The contagion spread to the mines and factories, and, had the movement been more skilfully organised, the whole country would have been in revolution; and it is impossible to tell what the results might have been. Combinations among the working classes are now rendered practicable by rail and wire, which formerly were impossible; and the facilities, which exist for secret conspiracy, have turned Europe into a slumbering volcano, an eruption of which is rapidly approaching.

"Thus it is that the laws of retribution run their course, and that the injuries—that Anti-Christendom has inflicted upon the more primitive and simple races of the world, which, under the pretext of civilizing them, it has explored to its own profit—will be amply avenged. Believe me, my dear friend, that it is under no vindictive impulse or spirit of religious intolerance that I write thus: on the contrary, though I consider Musselmans generally to be far more religious than Christians, inasmuch as they practise more conscientiously the teaching of their prophet, I feel that teaching, from an ethical point of view, to be infinitely inferior to that of Christ. I have written, therefore, without prejudice, in this attempt philosophically to analyse the nature and causes of the collision which has at last culminated between the East and the West, between the so-called Christendom and Islam. And I should only be too thankful if it could be proved to me that I had done the form of religion you profess, or the nation to which you belong, an injustice. I am far from wishing to insinuate that among Christians, even as Christian-

ity is at present professed and practised, there are not as good men as among nations called heathen and barbarous. I am even prepared to admit there are better—for some struggle to practise the higher virtues of Christianity, not unsuccessfully, considering the manner in which these are conventionally travestied; while others, who reject the popular theology altogether, have risen higher than ordinary modern Christian practice by force of reaction against the hypocrisy and shams by which they are surrounded,—but these are in a feeble minority, and unable to affect the popular standard. Such men existed among the Jews at the time of Christ, but they did not prevent Him from denouncing the moral iniquities of His day, or the Church which countenanced them. At the same time, I must remind you that I shrank from the task which you imposed upon me, and only consented at last to undertake it on your repeated assurances that by some, at all events, of your countrymen, the spirit by which I have been animated in writing thus frankly will not be misconceived.—Believe me, my dear friend, yours very sincerely,

"A TURKISH EFFENDI."

—Some Theosophical Prophecies

ANOTHER THEOSOPHICAL PROPHECY*

IN the first number of THE PATH was inserted a prophecy made from certain books in India called *Nadigrandhams,* respecting the Society.

This called forth from the *N. Y. Sun,* that model of journalism, a long tirade about the superficial knowledge which it claims pervades the Society on the subject of oriental philosophy. Unfortunately for the learned editorial writer in that paper, he never before heard of *Nadigrandhams,* which are almost as common in India as the *Sun* is here, nor does he appear to know what a *Nadi* may be, nor a *Grandham,* either.

But without trying to drag the daily press of this country into the path of oriental knowledge, we will proceed to record another prophecy or two.

The first will seem rather bold, but is placed far enough in the future to give it some value as a test. It is this:—The Sanscrit language will one day be again the language used by man upon this earth, first in science and in metaphysics, and later on in common life. Even in the lifetime of the *Sun's* witty writer, he will see the terms now preserved in that noblest of languages creeping into the literature and the press of the day, cropping up in reviews, appearing in various books and treatises, until even such men as he will begin perhaps to feel that they all along had been ignorantly talking of

*This article was first printed by Wm. Q. Judge in *The Path* for May, 1886.

"thought" when they meant "cerebration," and of "philosophy" when they meant "philology," and that they had been airing a superficial knowledge gained from cyclopedias of the mere lower powers of intellect, when in fact they were totally ignorant of what is really elementary knowledge. So this new language cannot be English, not even the English acquired by the reporter of daily papers who ascends fortuitously to the editorial rooms—but will be one which is scientific in all that makes a language, and has been enriched by ages of study of metaphysics and the true science.

The second prophecy is nearer our day, and may be interesting. —It is based upon cyclic changes. This is a period of such a change, and we refer to the columns of the *N. Y. Sun* of the time when the famous brilliant sunsets were chronicled and discussed not long ago for the same prognostication. No matter about dates; they are not to be given; but facts may be. This glorious country, free as it is, will not long be calm: *Unrest* is the word for this cycle. The people will rise. For what, who can tell? The statesman who can see *for what* the uprising will be might take measures to counteract. But all your measures can not turn back the iron will of fate. And even the City of New York will not be able to point its finger at Cincinnati and St. Louis. Let those whose ears can hear the whispers, and the noise of the gathering clouds, of the future, take notice; let them read, if they know how, the physiognomy of the United States, whereon the mighty hand of nature has traced the furrows to indicate the character of the moral storms that will pursue their course, no matter what the legislation may be. But enough. Theosophists can go on unmoved, for they know that as Krishna said to Arjuna, these bodies are not the real man, and that "no one has ever been non-existent nor shall any of us ever cease to exist."

—Some Theosophical Prophecies

OUR CYCLE AND THE NEXT*

"The world's great age begins anew,
The golden days return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn."

—SHELLEY.

"My friend, the golden age hath passed away,
Only the good have power to bring it back. . . "

—GOETHE.

WHAT had the author of *Prometheus Unbound* in his mind's eye when writing about the return of the golden days, and the new beginning of the world's great age? Has his poetical foresight carried his "*Vision* of the Nineteenth Century" into the "One Hundred and Nineteenth," or has that vision revealed to

*This article was first printed by H. P. Blavatsky in *Lucifer* for May, 1889.

him in gorgeous imagery the things to come which are the things that were?

Fichte assures us it is "a phenomenon of frequent occurrence, particularly in past ages," that "what *we shall become* is pictured by something which *we already have been;* and that what we have to obtain is represented as something which we have formerly lost." And he adds, "what Rousseau, under the name of the state of Nature, and the old poets by the title of the Golden Age, place *behind* us, lies actually *before* us."

Such is also Tennyson's idea, when he says:

> "Old writers push'd the happy season back—
> The more fools they—we forward: dreamers both. . . . "

Happy the optimist in whose heart the nightingale of hope can still sing, with all the iniquity and cold selfishness of the present age before his eyes! Our century is a boastful age, as proud as it is hypocritical; as cruel as it is dissembling.

Oh, ye gods, how dissembling and truly sacrilegious in the face of every truth, is this, our century, with all its boastful sanctimoniousness and cant! Verily, "Pecksniffian" ought to be thy name, oh, *nineteenth* of thy Christian series. For thou hast generated more hypocrites in a square yard of thy civilized soil than antiquity has bred of them on all its idolatrous lands during long ages. And thy modern Pecksniff, of both sexes, is "so thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of falsehood that he is *moral* even in drunkenness and canting even in shame and discovery," in the words of the author of "Martin Chuzzlewit."

If true, how dreadful Fichte's statement! It is terrible beyond words. Shall we then expect at some future recurring cycle to *rebecome* that which "we already have been," or *that which we are now?* To obtain a glance into the future cycle we have thus but to examine the situation around us in the present day. What do we find?

Instead of truth and sincerity, we have propriety and cold, cultured politeness; in one plain word, *dissembling*. Falsification on every plane; falsification of moral food and the same falsification of eatable food. *Margarine* butter for the soul, and margarine butter for the stomach; beauty and fresh colours without, and rottenness and corruption within. Life—a long race-course, a feverish chase, whose goal is a tower of selfish ambition, of pride, and vanity, of greed for money or honours, and in which human passions are the horsemen, and our weaker brethren the steeds. At this terrible steeplechase the prize-cup is purchased with the heart's blood and sufferings of countless fellow-creatures, and won at the cost of spiritual self-degradation.

Who, in this century, would presume to say what he thinks? It takes a brave man, nowadays, to speak the truth fearlessly, and

even that at personal risk and cost. For the law forbids one saying the truth, except under compulsion, in its courts and under threat of perjury. Have lies told about you publicly and in print, and, unless you are wealthy, you are powerless to shut your calumniator's mouth; state facts, and you become a defamer; hold your tongue on some iniquity perpetrated in your presence, and your friends will hold you as a participator therein—a confederate. The expression of one's honest opinion has become impossible in this, our cycle. The just lost bill repealing the "Blasphemy Laws," is a good proof in point.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* had, in its issue of April 13th, some pertinent lines on the subject; its arguments, however, presenting but a one-sided view, and having, therefore, to be accepted *cum grano salis*. It reminds the reader that the true principle in the Blasphemy Laws "was long ago laid down by Lord Macaulay," and adds:

> "To express your own religious or irreligious opinions with the utmost possible freedom is one thing; to put forward your views offensively, so as to outrage and pain other people, is another thing. You may wear what clothes you please, or no clothes at all, in your own house, but if a man were to assert his right to walk down Regent-street clad solely in his shirt the public would have a right to object. Suppose some zealous man were to placard all the boardings of London with 'comic' pictures of the Crucifixion, that surely ought to be an offense, even in the eyes of those who do not believe the Crucifixion ever happened."

Just so. Be religious or irreligious, in our age, as much as you like, but do not be offensive, and dare not "outrage and pain other people." Does *other* people mean here Christians only, no other persons being considered? Moreover, the margin thus left for the jury's opinion is ominously wide, for who knows where the line of demarcation is to be drawn! To be entirely impartial and fair in their verdict in these particular matters, the jury would have to be a mixed one and consist of six Christians and six "infidels." Now we have been impressed in youth that Themis was a blindfolded goddess only in antiquity and among the heathen. Since then—Christianity and civilization having opened her eyes—the allegory allows now of two versions. But we try to believe the best of the two inferences, and thinking of law most reverentially, we come to the following conclusion: *in law*, that which is sauce for the goose *must be* sauce for the gander. Therefore, if administered on this principle, the "Blasphemy Laws" must prove most beneficent to all concerned, "without distinction of race, colour or religion," as we say in theosophy.

Now, if law *is* equitable, it must apply impartially to all. Are we then to understand that it forbids "to outrage and pain" *anyone's* feelings, or simply those of the Christians? If the former, then it must include Theosophists, Spiritualists, the many millions of *heathens* whom merciful fate has made Her Majesty's subjects, and even the Freethinkers, and Materialists, some of whom are very thin-skinned. It *cannot* mean the latter, *i. e.*, limit the "law" to the

God of the Christians alone; nor would we presume to suspect it of such a sinful bias. For "blasphemy" is a word applying not only to God, Christ and the Holy Ghost, not merely to the Virgin and Saints, but to every God or Goddess. This term, with the same criminal sense attached to it, existed with the Greeks, the Romans, and with the older Egyptian ages before our era. "Thou shalt not revile the *gods*" (plural), stands out prominent in verse 28 of chapter xxii. of *Exodus,* when "God" speaks out from Mount Sinai. So much admitted, what becomes of our friends, the missionaries? If enforced, the law does not promise them a very nice time of it. We pity them, with the Blasphemy Laws suspended over their heads like a sword of Damocles; for, of all the foul-mouthed *blasphemers* against God and the Gods of other nations they are the foremost. Why should they be allowed to break the law against Vishnu, Durga, or any fetish; against Buddha, Mahomet, or even a spook, in whom a spiritualist sincerely recognizes his dead mother, any more than an "infidel" against Jehovah? In the eyes of Law, Hanuman, the monkey-god, has to be protected as much as any of the trinitarian god-heads: otherwise law would be more blindfolded than ever. Moreover, besides his sacredness in the eyes of the teeming millions of India, Hanuman is no less dear to the sensitive hearts of Darwinists; and blasphemy against our first cousin, the tailless baboon, is certain to "hurt the feelings" of Messrs. Allen Grant and Aveling, as much as those of many Hindu theosophists. We grant that he who makes "comic pictures of the crucifixion", commits an offense against the law. But so does he who ridicules Krishna, and misunderstanding the allegory of his Gopi (shepherdesses) speaks foully of him before Hindus. And how about the profane and vulgar jokes uttered from the pulpit by some ministers of the gospels themselves—not about Krishna, but Christ himself?

And here steps in the comical discrepancy between theory and practice, between the dead and living letter of the law. We know of several most offensively "comic" preachers, but have hitherto found, "infidels" and *atheists* alone sternly reproving for it those sinning Christian ministers, whether in England or America.

The world upside down! Profane blasphemy charged upon gospel preachers, the orthodox press keeping silent about it, and an Agnostic alone raising his voice against such clownish proceedings. It is certain that we find more truth in one paragraph of "Saladin's"* writings than in half the daily papers of the United Kingdom; more of reverential and true feeling, to whatsoever applied, and more of fine sense for the *fitness of things* in the little finger of that "infidel," than in all the burly, boisterous figure of the Reverend-irreverend Mr. Spurgeon. One is an "agnostic"—a "scoffer at the Bible" he

*The fine poet and witty editor of the late *Secular Review*, now the *"Agnostic Journal."* The works of Mr. W. Stewart Ross ("Saladin") *e. g.*, "Woman, Her Glory, Her Shame, and Her God," "Miscellaneous Pamphlets," "God and His Book," etc., etc., will become in the XXth century the most powerful as the most complete vindication of every man and woman called *infidel* in the XIXth.

is called; the other a famous Christian preacher. But *Karma* having nought to do with the dead letter of human laws, of civilization or progress, provides on our spinning ball of mud an antidote for every evil, hence a truth-worshipping *infidel,* for every money-making preacher who desecrates his gods. America has its Talmage, described very properly by the *New York "Sun"*† as a "gibbering charlatan," and its Colonel Robert Ingersoll. In England, Talmage's imitators find a stern Nemesis in "Saladin." The Yankee preacher was more than once severely taken to task by infidel papers for leading his flock to heaven not in a reverential spirit, but trying to shorten the long and tedious journey with sundry Biblical anecdotes. Who in New York has forgotten the *farce-pantomime* performed by Talmage on April 15, 1877? We remember it well. His subject was the "trio of Bethany," when each of the three *dramatis personæ* was "mimicked to perfection," as declared by the congregation. Jesus was shown by the reverend harlequin, "making a morning call" on Mary and Martha, throwing himself "on an *ottoman,*" then taking up the time of Mary "the lover of ethics," who sat at his feet, and finding himself "*blown up* for this (*sic*) by Martha, "left to serve alone." Colonel Sandys said the other day in the House of Commons in his speech on Mr. Bradlaugh's Blasphemy Bill which he opposed, that "while we punished those who killed the body, the object of the bill was to allow those who would murder the souls of men to do so with impunity."

Does he think that making fun of *sacred* beliefs by a Christian preacher fills the souls of his listeners with reverence, and *murders it* only when that fun comes from an infidel? The same pious "commoner" reminded the House that: "Under the law of Moses those who committed blasphemy were to be taken out of the camp and stoned to death."

We have not the slightest objection to Protestant fanatics of the Mosaic persuasion, taking the Talmages and Spurgeons, and stoning them to death. We will not even stop to enquire of such a modern Saul, why blame in such a case the pharisees for acting on that same Mosaic law and crucifying his Christ, or "certain of the Synagogue of the Libertines" for stoning Stephen? But we will simply state this:—If *justice,* like charity, does not stop "at home," such unfairness as Freethinkers, Agnostics, Theosophists, and other *infidels* receive generally at the hands of law, will be a subject of the scorn for future history.

For history repeats itself. Spurgeon having poked fun at Paul's *miracles,* we recommend every fair-minded person to procure the *Agnostic Journal* of April 13, and read Saladin's article "At Random," devoted to that favourite preacher. If they would find out the reason why, day by day, religious feeling is dying out in this country, *murdered* as it is in Christian *souls,* let them read it. Rev-

†*The Sun* of April 6, 1877.

erence is replaced by emotionalism. The Salvationists glorifying Christ on the "light fantastic toe," and Spurgeon's "tabernacle" is all that remains in this Christian land of the Sermon on the Mount. Crucifixion and Calvary are solely represented by that wierd combination of hell-fire and "Punch and Judy show," which is preeminently Mr. Spurgeon's religion. Who, then, will find these lines by "Saladin" *too* strong?

. . . . Edward Irving was a severe mystic and volcanic Elijah; Charles Spurgeon is a grinning and exoteric Grimaldi. Newly returned from Mentone and gout, he presided over the annual meeting of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church Auxiliary, held in the Tabernacle. At the commencement of the proceedings he remarked to those about to pray: "Now, it is a cold night, and, if anybody prays very long, somebody will be frozen to death. (Laughter.) I remember that Paul preached a long sermon once, and a young man tumbled out of a window and killed himself. If anybody gets frozen tonight, I am not like Paul, and cannot restore him, so please don't render a miracle necessary, as I cannot perform it. (Laughter.)"

Such a jester as this, if he had been alive and in Palestine, contemporary with the "blessed Lord," out of whom he makes such a profit, would have poked the said "blessed Lord" jocularly in the ribs with a "Well, and how are you, old boy from Nazareth?" There would have been Judas, called Iscariot, who carried the bag, and Charles, called Spurgeon, who wore the cap and bells.

I make light of the Galilean fables, because to me they are simply fables; but to Mr. Spurgeon they are "the very word of very God," and it is not for him to make light of them, even to please the holy mediocrities of the Tabernacle. I venture to recommend to Mr. Spurgeon's devout attention a sentiment to be found in Cicero's *De Legibus*, and which runs thus: *De sacris autem haec sit una sententia, ut conserventur.* As Mr. Spurgeon has all his life been so prayerfully absorbed that he has had no time for study and knows no language save a voluble gush of washerwoman English, I may tell him and his that the words mean, *But let us all concur in this one sentiment, that things sacred be inviolate.*—(*Agn. Journal,* April 13.)

Amen, we utter, from the bottom of our soul, to this noble advice. "But his pen is dipped in sacrilegious gall!" we heard a clergyman say to us the other day, speaking of "Saladin." "Aye," we answered. "But his is a diamond pen, and the gall of his irony is clear as crystal, free as it is from any other desire than to deal justly and speak the truth." In view of the "blasphemy law" remaining on hand, and the equitable law of this country which makes a libel *more libellous* in proportion to the truth it contains, and especially with an eye to the pecuniary ruin which it entails upon at least one of the parties, there is more heroism and fearless self-abnegation in speaking the truth *pro bono publico,* than in pandering to public hobbies. With the exception, perhaps, of the brave and outspoken editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* there is no writer in England whom we respect more for such noble-minded fearlessness, and none whose fine wit we admire more than "Saladin's."

But the world, in our day, judges everything on appearance. Motives are held as of no account, and the materialistic tendency is foremost in condemning *à priori* that which clashes with skin-deep propriety and encrusted notions. Nations, men, and ideas all are judged according to our preconceptions, and the lethal emanations

of modern civilization kill all goodness and truth. As observed by St. Georges, the savage races are fast disappearing, "killed by the mere contact of civilized man." No doubt, it *must* be a consolation to the Hindu and even the Zulu, to think that all their surviving brethren will die (thanks to the missionary effort) linguists and scholars, if not Christians. A theosophist, a colonist born in Africa, was telling us the other day that a Zulu had offered himself to him as "a boy." This Caffre was a graduate of a college, a Latin, Greek, Hebrew and English scholar. Found unable with all these achievements to cook a dinner or clean boots, the gentleman had to send him away—probably *to starve*. All this has inflated the European with pride. But, as says again the above-quoted writer, "he forgets that Africa is fast becoming Mussulman, and that *Islam*, a kind of granite block which in its powerful cohesion defies the force of the waves and winds, is refractory to European ideas, which, so far, have never seriously affected it." Europe may yet awaken one day to find itself Mussulman, if not in "durance vile" to the "heathen Chinee." But when the "*inferior* races" have all died out, who, or what shall replace them in the cycle that is to mirror our own?

There are those, also, who with a superficial eye to ancient as also to modern history, slight and disparage everything ever achieved in antiquity. We remember reading about heathen priesthoods; who "built proud towers," instead of "emancipating degraded savages." The Magi of Babylon were contrasted with the "poor Patagonians" and other Christian missions, the former coming out second best in every such comparison. To this it may be answered that if the ancients built "proud towers" so do the moderns; witness, the present Parisian craze, the *Eiffel* Tower. How many human lives the ancient towers cost, no one can tell, but the Eiffel, unfinished as it is, has cost in the first year of its existence over one hundred workmen killed. Between the latter and the Babylonian Tower, the palm of superiority in usefulness belongs by rights to the *ziggurat*, the Planet Tower of Nebo's Temple of Borsippa. Between a "proud tower" built to the national God of Wisdom, and another "proud tower" constructed to attract the children of folly—unless it is urged that even modern folly is superior to ancient wisdom—there is room for a diversity of opinions. Furthermore, it is to Chaldean *astrolatry* that modern astrognosy owes its progress, and it is the astronomical calculations of the Magi that became the ground-work of our present mathematical astronomy and have guided discoverers in their researches. As to missions, whether to Patagonia or Anam, Africa or Asia, it is still an open question with the unprejudiced, whether they are a benefit or an evil which Europe confers on the "degraded savages." We seriously doubt whether the "benighted" heathen would not profit more by being left severely alone than by being made (in addition to treason to their earlier beliefs) acquainted with the blessings of rum, whiskey, and the various ensuing diseases which generally appear in the trail of European missionaries. Every sophistry notwithstanding, a moderately honest *heathen* is nearer

the Kingdom of Heaven than a lying, thieving, rascally Christian convert. And—since he is assured that his robes (*i. e.*, crimes) are washed in the blood of Jesus, and is told of God's greater joy "over one sinner that repenteth" than over 99 sinless saints—neither he, nor we, can see why the convert should not profit by the opportunity.

"Who," asks E. Young, "gave in antiquity twenty millions, not at the bidding of an imperious monarch or a tyrannical priesthood, but at the spontaneous call of the national conscience and by the immediate instrumentality of the national will?" the writer adding, that in this "money grant" there is "a moral grandeur that sinks the Pyramids into littleness." O, the pride and the conceit of this our age!

We do not know. Had each of the subscribers to this "money grant" given his "widow's *two mites,*" they might claim collectively to have *cast* "more than all," more than any other nation, and await their reward. England being, however, the wealthiest nation in the world, the intrinsic merits of the case seem slightly altered. Twenty millions in a lump represent indeed a mighty engine for good. But such a "money grant" could only gain in Karma, were it to pander less to national pride, and were the nation not to feel itself so exalted for it, in the four quarters of the globe, by hundred-voiced fame trumpeted by public organs. *True* charity opens her purse-strings with an invisible hand, and:

"Finishing its act, exists no more. . . . . "

It shuns Fame, and is never ostentatious. Besides which, everything is relative. One million in specie, 3,000 years ago, represented ten-fold more than twenty millions to-day. Twenty millions are a Niagara inundating with Titanic force some popular want, and creating, for the time being, as great a commotion. But, while helping for a certain lapse of time tens of thousands of hungry wretches, even such an enormous sum leaves ten times as many unfortunate, starving wretches still unrelieved.

To such munificent bounties we prefer countries where there are no needy people at all, *e. g.* those small communities, the remnants of once mighty races, which allow no beggars among their co-religionists—we mean the Parsis. Under the Indian and Buddhist Kings, like Chandragupta and Asoka, people did not wait, as they do now, for a national calamity, to throw the surplus of their overflowing wealth at the head of a portion of the starving and the homeless, but worked steadily on, century after century, building *rest-houses,* digging wells and planting fruit-trees along the roads, wherein the weary pilgrim and the penniless traveler could always find rest and shelter, be fed and *receive* hospitality at the national expense. A little clear stream of cold, healthy water which runs steadily, and is ever ready to refresh parched lips, is more beneficent

than the sudden torrent that breaks the dam of national indifference, now and then, by fits and starts.

Thus, if we have to become in the future cycle *that which we already have been,* let this be as in the days of Asoka, not as it is now. But we are reproached with forgetting "*Christian* heroism." Where will you find, we are asked, a parallel to the heroism of the early martyrs and that displayed in our day? We are sorry to contradict this boast like many others. If casual instances of heroism in our century are undeniable, who, on the other hand, dreads death more, as a general rule, than the Christian? The idolater, the Hindu and the Buddhist, in short every Asiatic or African, dies with an indifference and serenity unknown to our Western man. As for "*Christian Heroism,*" whether we mean mediæval or modern heroes or heroines, a St. Louis, or a General Gordon, a Joan of Arc, or a Nightingale, there is no need of the adjective to emphasize the substantive. The Christian martyrs were preceded by the idolatrous and even godless Spartans of many virtues, the brave sisters of the Red Cross by the matrons of Rome and Greece. To this day, the daily self-tortures submitted to by the Indian Yogi and the Mussulman Fakir, tortures often lasting through years, throw entirely into the shadow the unavoidable heroism of the Christian martyr, ancient or modern. He who would learn the full meaning of the word "heroism" must read the "Annals of Rajistan" by Colonel Tod. . . . .

"Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's," is a golden rule, but like so many others from the same source, Christians are the first to break it.

Pride and conceit are the two hideous cancers devouring the heart of *civilized* nations, and selfishness is the sword handled by evanescent *personality* to sever the golden thread that links it to immortal INDIVIDUALITY. Old Juvenal must have been a prophet. It is *our* century that he addresses when saying:

> "We own thy merits; but we blame beside
> Thy mind elate with insolence and pride!"

Pride is the first enemy to itself. Unwilling to hear any one praised in its presence, it falls foul of every rival and does not always come out victorious. "I am *the* ONE, and God's elect," says the proud nation. "I am *the* invincible and the foremost; tremble all ye around me!" Behold, there comes a day when we see it crouching in the dust, bleeding and mangled. "I am the ONE," croaks the private crow in peacock's feathers. "I am *the* ONE —painter, artist, writer, or what not—*par excellence*. . . . . On whomsoever I shed my light, he is singled out by the nations; on whomsoever I turn my back, he is doomed to contempt and oblivion."

Vain conceit and glorification. In the law of Karma as in the truths we find in the gospels, he who is the first will be the last—hereafter. There are those writers whose thoughts, however distasteful to the bigoted majority, will survive many generations; others which, however brilliant and original, will be rejected in the future cycles. Moreover, as the cowl does not make the monk, so the external excellence of a thing does not guarantee the moral beauty of its workman, whether in art or literature. Some of the most eminent poets, philosophers and authors were historically immoral. Rousseau's ethics did not prevent his nature being far from perfect. Edgar Poe is said to have written his best poems in a state verging on *delirium tremens*. George Sand, her magnificent psychological insight, the high moral character of her heroines, and her elevated ideas notwithstanding, could have never claimed the *Monthyon* prize for virtue. Talent, moreover, and especially genius, are no development of any one's present life, of which one ought to feel personally proud, but the fruition of a previous existence, and its illusions are dangerous. "Maya," say the Orientals, "spreads its thickest and most deceitful veils over the most lovely spots and objects in nature." The most beautiful serpents are the most venomous. The Upas tree, whose deadly atmosphere kills every living thing that approaches it, is—the Queen of Beauty in the African forests.

Shall we expect the same in the "coming cycle"? Are we doomed to the same evils then that befall us now?

Nevertheless, and though Fichte's speculation will have proved correct, and Shelley's "Golden Age" will have dawned upon mankind, still Karma will have its usual way. For we shall have become "the ancients" in our turn, for those who will come long after us. The men of that period will also believe themselves the *only* perfect beings and show scorn to the "Eiffel" as we show scorn to the Babel-tower. Slaves to the *routine*—the established opinions of the day; what they of the next cycle will say and do, will alone be well said and done.

"Wolf! wolf!" will be the cry raised against those who, as we defend the ancients now, will attempt to say a good word for us. And forthwith the finger of scorn and every weapon available will be directed at him who falls off from the beaten track, and at the "blasphemers" who may dare to call by their right names the gods of that cycle, and presume to defend their own ideals. What biographies shall be written of the famous infidels of to-day, one can foresee in reading those of some of England's best poets; *e. g.*, the posthumous opinions passed on Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Yea, he is now accused of what he would have otherwise been praised for, because, forsooth, he wrote in his boyhood "A Defense of Atheism"! *Ergo,* his imagination is said to have carried him "beyond the bounds of reality," and his metaphysics are said to be

"without a solid foundation of reason." This amounts to saying that his critics alone know *all* about the landmarks placed by nature between the real and the unreal. This kind of orthodox trigonometrical surveyors of the absolute, who claim to be the only specialists chosen by their God for the setting of boundaries and who are ever ready to sit in judgment over independent metaphysicians, are a feature of our century. In Shelley's case, the metaphysics of the young author of "Queen Mab," described in popular encyclopedias as a "violent and blasphemous attack on Christianity and the Bible," must, of course, have appeared to his infallible judges without "a solid foundation in reason." For them, that "foundation" is in the motto of Tertullian, *"Credo quia absurdum est."*

Poor, great young Shelley! He who laboured so zealously for several years of his too short life in relieving the poor and consoling the distressed, and who, according to Medwin, would have given his last sixpence to a stranger in want, he is called an *Atheist* for refusing to accept the Bible *literally!* We find, perhaps, a reason for this "Atheism" in the *Conversations Lexicon,* in which Shelley's immortal name is followed by that of Shem, "the eldest son of Noah . . . . said in Scripture to have died at the age of 600 years." The writer of this encyclopedic information (quoted by us *verbatim*) had just indulged in saying that "the censure of extreme presumption can hardly be withheld from a writer who, in his youth, rejects all *established* opinions," such as Biblical chronology we suppose. But the same writer passes without a word of comment and in prudent, if not reverential, silence, the cyclic years of Shem, as indeed he may!

Such is our century, so noisily, but happily for all preparing for its final leap into eternity. Of all past centuries, it is the most smilingly cruel, wicked, immoral, boastful and incongruous. It is the hybrid and unnatural production, the monstrous child of its parents—an honest mother called "mediæval superstition" and a dishonest, humbugging father, a profligate impostor, universally known as "modern civilization." This unpaired, odd team which now drags the car of progress through the triumphal arches of our civilization, suggests strange thoughts. Our Oriental turn of mind makes us think, as we gaze at this orthodox piety harnessed together with cool sneering materialism, of a fitting symbol for our century. We choose it in the colonial productions of European ethics (alas, *living* productions!) known as the *half-castes.* We fancy a coffee-coloured, oily face, looking insolently at the world through an eye-glass. A flat and woolly head, surmounted by a tall hat, enthroned on a pedestal of white-starched collar, shirt, and fashionable satin cravat. Leaning on the arm of this hybrid production, the flat swarthy visage of a mongrel beauty shines under a Parisian bonnet —a pyramid of gauze, gay ribands and plumes. . . . . .

Indeed, this combination of Asiatic flesh and European array, is no more ludicrous than the bird's-eye view of the moral and

intellectual amalgamation of ideas and views as now accepted. Mr. Huxley and the "Woman clothed with the Sun"; the Royal Society and the new prophet of Brighton, who lays letters "before the Lord" and has messages for us in reply "from Jehovah of Hosts"; who signs himself, unblushingly "King Solomon" on letters stamped with the heading, "Sanctuary of Jehovah" (*sic*), and calls the "Mother" —(the said *Solar* "woman") "that accursed thing" and an *abomination*.

Yet their teachings are all authoritative and *orthodox*. Just fancy Mr. Allen Grant trying to persuade General Booth that "life owes its origin to the chemically-separative action of ethereal undulations on the cooled surface of the earth, especially carbonic anhydride and water"; and "le brav' general" of England, arguing that this cannot be so, since this "cooled surface" was only called into being 4004 B. C.; thence, that his (Allen Grant's) "existing diversity of organic forms" was not in the least due, as his new book would make the unwary believe, "to the minute interaction of dynamical laws," but to the dust of the ground, from which "the Lord-God formed the beast of the field" and "every fowl of the air."

These two are the representatives of the goats and the sheep on the Day of Judgment, the Alpha and the Omega of orthodox and correct society in our century. The unfortunates squeezed on the neutral line between these two are steadily kicked and butted by both. *Emotionalism* and *conceit*—one, a nervous disease, the other that feeling which prompts us to swim with the current if we would not pass for retrograde fogeys or infidels—are the powerful weapons in the hands of our pious modern "sheep" and our learned "goats." How many swell the respective ranks merely owing to one or the other of these feelings, is known to their *Karma* alone . . . . .

Those who are not to be moved by either hysterical emotion or a holy fear of the multitudes and propriety; those, whom the voice of their conscience—"that still small voice" which, when heard, deafens the mighty roar of the Niagara Falls itself and will not permit them to lie to their own souls—remain outside. For these there is no hope in this departing age, and they may as well give up all expectation. *They are born out of due time.* Such is the terrible picture presented by our present cycle, now nearing its close, to those from whose eyes the scales of prejudice, preconception and partiality have fallen, and who see the truth that lies behind the deceptive appearances of our Western "civilization." But what has the new cycle in store for humanity? Will it be merely a continuation of the present, only in darker and more terrible colours? Or shall a new day dawn for mankind, a day of pure sunlight, of truth, of charity, of true happiness for all? The answer depends mainly on the few Theosophists who, true to their colours through good repute and ill, still fight the battle of Truth against the powers of Darkness.

An infidel paper contains some optimistic words, the last prophecy by Victor Hugo, who is alleged to have said this:

"For four hundred years the human race has not made a step but what has left its plain vestige behind. We enter now upon great centuries. The sixteenth century will be known as the age of painters, the seventeenth will be termed the age of writers, the eighteenth the age of philosophers, the nineteenth the age of apostles and prophets. To satisfy the nineteenth century it is necessary to be the painter of the sixteenth, the writer of the seventeenth, the philosopher of the eighteenth, and it is also necessary, like Louis Blanc, to have the innate and holy love of humanity which constitutes an apostolate, and opens up a prophetic vista into the future. In the twentieth, war will be dead, the scaffold will be dead, animosity will be dead, royalty will be dead, and dogmas will be dead, but man will live. For all there will be but one country—that country the whole earth; for all, there will be but one hope—that hope the whole heaven.

"All hail, then, to that noble twentieth century which shall own our children, and which our children shall inherit!"

If Theosophy prevailing in the struggle, its all-embracing philosophy strikes deep root into the minds and hearts of men, if its doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma, in other words, of Hope and Responsibility, find a home in the lives of the new generations, then, indeed, will dawn the day of joy and gladness for all who now suffer and are outcast. For real Theosophy Is ALTRUISM, and we cannot repeat it too often. It is brotherly love, mutual help, unswerving devotion to Truth. If once men do but realise that in these alone can true happiness be found, and never in wealth, possessions, or any selfish gratification, then the dark clouds will roll away, and a new humanity will be born upon earth. Then, the GOLDEN AGE will be there, indeed.

But if not, then the storm will burst, and our boasted western civilization and enlightenment will sink in such a sea of horror that its parallel History has never yet recorded.

—*Some Theosophical Prophecies*

FROM THE SECRET DOCTRINE*

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Why, then, should Occultists and Astrologers, as learned as these Astronomers, be disbelieved when they prophesy the return of some cyclic event on the same mathematical principles? Why should the claim that they *know* this return be ridiculed? Their forefathers and predecessors, having recorded the recurrence of such events in their time and day, throughout a period embracing hundreds of thousands of years, the conjunction of the same constellations must necessarily produce, if not quite the same, at any rate similar, effects. Are the prophecies to be derided, because of the claim made for hundreds of thousands of years of observation, and for millions of years for the human Races? In its turn,

*H. P. Blavatsky, Vol. I, O.E. p. 646, 1888.

Modern Science is laughed at by those who hold to Biblical chronology, for its far more modest geological and anthropological figures. Thus Karma adjusts even human laughter, at the mutual expense of sects, learned societies, and individuals. Yet in the prognostication of *such* future events, at any rate, all foretold on the authority of cyclic recurrences, no psychic phenomenon is involved. It is neither *prevision,* nor *prophesy;* any more than is the signalling of a comet or star, several years before its appearance. It is simply knowledge, and mathematically correct computations, which enable the *Wise Men of the East* to foretell, for instance, that England is on the eve of such or another catastrophe; that France is nearing such a point of her Cycle; and that Europe in general is threatened with, or rather is on the eve of, a cataclysm, to which her own Cycle of racial Karma *has led her.* Our view of the reliability of the information depends, of course, on our acceptation or rejection of the claim for a tremendous period of historical observation. Eastern Initiates maintain that they have preserved records of racial development and of events of universal import ever since the beginning of the Fourth Race—their knowledge of events preceding that epoch being traditional. Moreover, those who believe in Seership and in Occult Powers will have no difficulty in crediting the general character, at least, of the information given, even if it be traditional, once the tradition is checked and corrected by clairvoyance and Esoteric Knowledge. But in the present case no such metaphysical belief is claimed as our chief dependence, for proof is given—on what, to every Occultist, is quite scientific evidence—the records preserved through the Zodiac for incalculable ages.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *